

Maine Potatoes

We are shipping two cars from Aroostook County, Maine, to Brattleboro for distribution through the grocers. From all information obtainable, it's evident that Potatoes will sell nearer \$2.50 per bushel than \$1.50 before Spring—in fact, the contract price delivered Boston points for the months of January, February and March is \$2.20 per bushel, carload lots.

We ship only the Mountain variety, and you avoid the danger of loss through decay.

E. CROSBY & CO.
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

EYES



EXAMINED

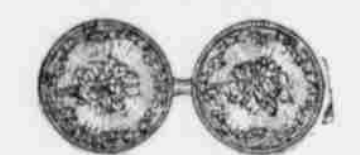
How Is Your Boy or Girl Getting Along in School?

If your children are not doing the good work you had hoped for, it is probable that poor eyesight is the cause. It would be well for you to bring them to us, that we may examine their eyes. If they have poor eyesight, our correctly made and fitted glasses will give them good eyesight.

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Optometrists-Opticians

Soft Cuff Links



We have just received some beautiful karat solid gold cuff links made of the new and fashionable green gold. They are engraved in several beautiful and distinctive brocade patterns. They are designed for soft cuffs and made to yield enduring wear.

The price for links of this quality is usually \$8.00 a pair. We have specially priced them at **\$6.50**

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The Brattleboro Reformer

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Classified advertisements—Five cents a line first insertion with 50 per cent discount for each subsequent insertion, without change of copy.
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Position 10 per cent extra.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It is the aim of the management to secure efficient service in the delivery of the paper each night, and to the co-operation of subscribers to that end. Prompt reports should be given of each failure to receive the paper on the morning following the omission, in person, by telephone or postal card, thus enabling the cause of the error to be promptly and accurately discovered and the proper remedy immediately applied. It is only by this method that the publisher can secure the desired service.

Member of the Associated Press.

The Reformer is on sale every evening by the following news dealers:
Brattleboro, Brattleboro News Co., Park Drug Store, C. W. Cleaveland, D. R. Cutler & Co. (Estesville), Brooks House Pharmacy.
West Brattleboro, J. L. Stockwell, East Dummerston, M. E. Brown, Putney, M. C. Williams.
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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1916.

The Episcopal convention in session in St. Louis, has decided not to change the ten commandments this year. Many people would attempt to obey a 13th commandment if one were written to this effect: Thou shalt not be found out.

Never before has personality played so important a part in a presidential election. If Mr. Wilson should win it would be one of the greatest personal victories in the history of American politics, more notable in some respects than the overwhelming victory of Colonel Roosevelt when he first ran for president. On the other hand, a Republican victory will be notable chiefly as a party victory, as an evidence of the strength of Republican principles with the voters and of a reunited party.

Howard D. Hadley, a trained newspaperman, who has traveled 30,000 miles in 36 states in the past four months investigating political conditions, is of the opinion that the coming election will be the closest the nation has known in 32 years. He believes that Hughes will win, but in several of the states the result is in doubt. There never was a time when conditions were so generally mixed. There are several big bodies of men who will cast their votes almost wholly regardless of party lines.

One effect of the war is much prolonged—the return of gold to this country from Europe. Doubtless this is in way of balancing the vast quantity of goods which we are sending over. Return must be made in some way. One way has been by the sale of American securities which have been sold as the European owners found that they must have the money. The inflow of gold, increasing the amount of loanable funds, tends to reduce rates of interest by throwing large sums seeking investment on the market, thus stimulating business enterprises by the lower cost of capital. Thus, in another way, the United States makes money from the European war. This does not prove that we are Shylocks or at all heartless, but merely that we are taking advantage of the inevitable money situation.

The statements of the terrible losses to the British and Russians come largely from Berlin, and to offset these statements London tells us how terribly Germany has suffered in casualties to officers and men. Over France, more than any of the other big nations, the veil of impenetrability is cast. Every newspaperman knows that but little reliability is to be placed upon the reports received, but everything is so blocked and distorted by the censors that the little news available is given for what it is worth and the reader must make his own choice. Almost every day brings something from the Overseas News Agency in Berlin. All of the reports of this so-called agency may be taken with grains of allowance, as the reports are inspired from government sources. In addition to fighting the greatest war of history the nations engaged are keeping up a tremendous game of bluff for the effect that the stories will have on the neutral countries, particularly the United States.

These are days of important changes in big industries in Vermont. A few months ago the Fairbanks scale works, which have really made St. Johnsbury, passed to the control of Chicago capitalists. Then the Howe Scale company of Rutland was sold, the deal involving \$1,000,000. The question has naturally arisen in Rutland whether the big plant might not be moving elsewhere eventually, but assurance is given that it will remain in the Marble city for a number of years at least, and ex-Gov. Mead, who has been the head and front of the concern for years, is to remain with it three years. This week comes the surprising announcement that the Cooper Manufacturing company at Bennington, with a capital stock of half a million dollars, giving employment to 700 hands, has been sold to a western syndicate, known as the Black Cat Textiles company, which has also acquired in Kenosha, Wis., a hosiery concern with a capital of \$600,000 employing 1,400 hands. It is to be hoped that these changes will not affect the industrial standing of the communities where they have been the center of business life, and that in their absorption by bigger interests they will not wholly lose their individuality. We presume this latter wish is too much to expect. Probably the personal element will be removed in any case, and that the concerns, instead of standing independently, will simply become cogs in a big wheel.

To The Point.

(Morrisville Messenger.)

Neither Charles A. Dana, nor any of his brilliant successors on the Sun, ever did a better job of condensation, on a good story, than this school boy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up." And they did, and he did, and the bears did.

The Unwritten Law.

(Randolph Herald and News.)

The unwritten law again triumphs over the written code, this time at Rutland, Vermont, where a husband who slew his wife was acquitted last week by a sympathetic jury on the ground of temporary insanity caused by the wife's alleged unfaithfulness. It has become almost impossible in this country to convict a wife who kills her husband or his supposed paramour under such circumstances. Shrewd criminals and shrewd lawyers lose no opportunity to introduce alleged infidelity and resultant loss of reason on the part of the aggrieved party as a defense. One may well question how such is real and how much feigned, and in most cases there is a measure of doubt concerning the actual existence of illicit relations alleged. But despite all this time and again killers are brought to the bar and vindicated—that's the word rather than acquitted.

SEARCH OF YEARS REWARDED.

Veteran Finds Daughter Lost to Him Since Civil War.

DECATUR, Ill., Oct. 27. — When Archibald G. Bottoms returned to Bowling Green, Mo., at the close of the Civil war he found his wife had died and the baby daughter he had left behind in 1861 absent, he knew not where.

Fifty-one years after the war ended Mrs. M. H. Roberts' of Decatur got track of her father through the pension bureau in Washington, and has just returned to Decatur after visiting him. He is 91 years old.

"I was placed with a family after my mother died, and they moved from Bowling Green to Illinois," said Mrs. Roberts. "They never told me of my parentage until many years afterward, and I never did know in what town I was born. Not long ago I asked J. C. Walsh, a Decatur man, to write to Washington and thus I found out where my father lived."

Bottoms spent years searching for his child after the war.

GIRLS! THICKEN AND BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR AND STOP DANDRUFF

Try this! Your hair gets wavy, glossy and abundant at once.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluidity and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes, but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp. Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.—Adv.

MAKER OF PRESIDENTS



(Copyright.)

RANN-DOM REELS

By Howard L. Rann
"Of shoes-and ships -and sealing wax-of cabbages-& kings"

THE ELECTRIC BELT

The electric belt is a substitute for the mustard plaster which can be removed without taking any of the patient with it.

From the earliest days of this republic the mustard plaster has been relied upon to exact shooting pains from the interior of man's anatomy. It was always applied by some faithful wife who mixed the plaster with her own hands, in order that there might be plenty of mustard therein, and all that a suffering husband had to do was allow the plaster to sit down on his stomach and draw the pain to the surface. It is an uncanny sensation to have a stout mustard plaster with long teeth grasp hold of a vital organ and maul it into a state of helpless submission, and many a patient has preferred to die with his entire intact rather than pass through such an ordeal.

The electric belt, however, has forever done away with the mustard plaster and its murderous instincts. It is no more trouble to wear an electric

[Protected by The Adams Newspaper service]

The Meddler

"If the coat fits you, put 't on"

If a systematic effort could be made to reclaim for fuel purposes the wood that goes to waste annually in the immediate vicinity of Brattleboro the amount thus made available would be enough to put many families beyond the necessity of worrying about the steadily mounting price of coal. None of the numerous tracts of woodland hereabouts are given the attention they would receive in most European countries. Instead of being inspected carefully at regular intervals with a view to removing all dead or mature trees they are neglected until such time as it seems advisable to cut them over, and this process is usually attended by waste and carelessness. The woodland-spare-that-tree idea is a commendable one but when it is carried to such a degree as to prevent the cutting of trees that ought to be cut it ceases to be worthy. One has only to stroll through the woods on the Retreat estate to find an illustration of The Meddler's contention. Trees that have been blown down, trees that have died on their stumps and then fallen, may be seen on all sides rapidly going into decay. Not only would the woods themselves be greatly improved if these trees were removed annually but the fuel they would make would be enough to keep hundreds of people warm through the winter. It is a mistaken idea of forestry that leaves all the work to nature.

Brattleboro's Daughters of the American Revolution are to be commended for their initiation of a movement to change the laws of the state with reference to the care of public burying grounds. At present such care becomes the duty of town officials only when they receive a written request signed by three taxpayers. What the D. A. R. members hope to bring about is the enactment of a law making it obligatory upon town officials to see that all cemeteries are given the care to which common decency entitles them.

AN OLD RECIPE TO DARKEN HAIR

Common garden Sage and Sulphur makes streaked, faded or gray hair dark and youthful at once.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.—Adv.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

BULL FROG'S SPEECH.

"I am a very Interesting Creature," said Mr. Bull Frog.

"No one says you aren't," replied Grandpa Frog.

"Well then," said Mr. Bull Frog, "if you agree that no one could say I was Uninteresting, why don't you go a step further, be more Polite, and say that I am Interesting?"

"Very well," said Grandpa Frog. "I will say you are Interesting. I would like to know though why it makes such a great deal of difference."

"It makes some difference to you, doesn't it," asked Mr. Bull Frog, "If People say you are Wise?"

"They can't help themselves," said Grandpa Frog. "They know I am Wise."

"That's because you've taught them to think so for such a great number of years. You have told them of Frog Family History, and how Interesting it is, and how Wise and Knowing you are. Now I intend to have them think me not only larger than an ordinary Frog, but much more Interesting. I shall leave out saying a word about you, and just talk about myself."

"Goog-a-room -goog-a-room," said Grandpa Frog. "You are pretty fond of yourself it seems to me. And pray tell me, what are you going to say?"

"I shall tell them all that at first I am a Tadpole. That is Interesting. You see I won't mention a word about you."

"I see you won't," said Grandpa Frog, who was much amused at this conversation.

"Then I shall tell them that I next belong to the Pollywog Family. And next comes a most Interesting Chapter in my Life."

"What do you mean by a Chapter of your Life?" asked Grandpa Frog. "It makes my eyes water to hear you talk in such a fine manner. I am not used to it."

"Cheer up," said Mr. Bull Frog. "You will soon grow used to it. I shall talk that way all the time."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Grandpa Frog. "I do hope you will not talk that way with us. We all know about you."

"No, I will not talk that way before my Family or Relations. Family and Relations won't appreciate me—for they'll all be just alike. But you see by praising myself I will be praising them up too!"

"Yes, that's true," said Grandpa Frog. "But you haven't yet told me what you mean by a Chapter of your Life."

"A Chapter in my Life," corrected Mr. Bull Frog. "A Chapter in a Book is a part of the Book—and a Chapter in a Life is part of the Life. See? Perfectly simple, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course," said Grandpa Frog "when you explain it."

"And the Chapter in my Life which is so extremely Interesting," continued Mr. Bull Frog, "is when I change from a Pollywog into a Frog."

"I suppose," said Grandpa Frog blinking his large eyes, "that you want to tell me so you will know how to Speak in Public. You will Practice on me, in short."

"Yes," said Mr. Bull Frog, "you are quite right. I do want to Practice on you, and see how my Speech sounds, for I am to give one down in the Creek this morning. I am going to Stand on the old Stump and tell them all who gather around me of the Interesting Life of a Bull Frog."

"I shall say," he continued just as though he were making a Speech to a large Audience, and waving a Leg in the Air, "when I change from a Pollywog into a Bull Frog first of all I lose two Legs. Then I shall pause, and wait and hear them applaud."

Grandpa Frog gave a wide grin, and Mr. Bull Frog went on talking.

"I shall say next that I lose my Tail after this Interesting event and then my Hind Legs, and that then—then, I became a Bull Frog. And this last I shall say," roared Mr. Bull Frog, "in a very loud Voice, and I shall give a little Hop and Jump on the Stump to let them all know that that is the final ending to my splendid Speech!"

"How do you know anyone will listen to you?" asked Grandpa Frog.

"Because I have sold Tickets," said Mr. Bull Frog.

"How?" inquired Grandpa Frog.

"Admission to Lecture—two Bugs and plenty of Water to drink. I have offered them," said Mr. Bull Frog, "and I have sold every Ticket," he ended proudly.

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Indianapolis, Indiana. — "My health was so poor and my constitution so run down that I could not work. I was thin, pale and weak, weighed but 103 pounds and was in bed most of the time. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and five months later I weighed 133 pounds. I do all the housework and washing for eleven and I can truthfully say Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been a godsend to me for I would have been in my grave today but for it. I would tell all women suffering as I was to try your valuable remedy."—Mrs. Wm. GREEN, 322 S. Addison Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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—IN—
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